wheels and the ring of cavalry hoofs in the street. Suddenly both ceased; the cavalcade had stopped at the door. Bonaparte turned pale, and Talleyrand also, as they paused and listened, fully convinced that both were to be arrested. The latter blew out the candles, and hurried through a passageway to gain a view of the street. After some delay he discovered that the carriage of a gambling-house keeper, returning under police escort from the Palais Royal with his spoils, had broken down. His fears relieved, he returned to joke with Bonaparte about the scare. Before the appointed day, however, everything which master-schemers could foresee was carefully adjusted. The apparent resurrection of Jacobinism was actually the last appearance of its ghost; for the Directory, shorn of all prestige, was divided and shaky; the army, republican to the core, was weary with its inefficiency and furious with its bankruptcy; the mass of the nation, conservative and royalist, despaired of a restoration, and, sick of war, were for the moment in a humor to accept any strong government. The majority of the administration, the nation, and the army were, therefore, in readiness, while the numerous malcontents in each were at least temporarily silenced. Every little hidden wire of private interest was in hand, and plans were ripe to coerce those who could not be cajoled.

All night long, from the sixteenth to the seventeenth of Brumaire, a committee of the Ancients was in session, minutely perfecting its plans. Next morning at seven the faithful majority, having been summoned according to form, convened as the council; the doubtful members had either not been summoned at all, or had received notice of a later hour. As soon as a quorum was present, Cornet, a well-known butt for the wits, rose and denounced the terrible conspiracy which was menacing